

The Coming Institute.

Next Tuesday is the day appointed for the Farmers Institute here. There is to be a regular program for the day but the managers of the institute come prepared to discuss any question that may arise. Dr. C. L. Goodrich, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, will discuss Fertility of the Soil; Prof. J. N. Harper of the U. S. Experiment Station will talk about the use of commercial fertilizer in the culture of cotton, corn and small grain; Prof. D. N. Barrow, Director of Agricultural Dep. of Clemson, will speak on seed selection and improvement of crops; State Veterinarian, Dr. M. H. Powers, will speak on the subject of tick eradication; Dr. Barnett will take for a theme the economical raising and feeding of live stock; insects and their treatment, will be discussed by Prof. H. F. Conrad, Entomologist; and Prof. W. S. Morrison will talk on importance of Education.

In addition to these themes there will be a question box open to the public. Anyone desiring any information whatsoever relative to farm life may here propound questions and hear them discussed by experts. These men have made a life study of their special lines and are consequently well informed on the topics to be discussed. The Institute is open to all. The wives of planters will find that a day put in at the Institute will prove valuable to them and they are cordially invited to come. Many things of interest to them will be discussed, such as butter making, poultry raising, etc. No man can attend a meeting of this kind without being benefited thereby. One is to obtain information that will not only prove helpful but in many cases will save the possessor money in the cultivation of crops.

A Country Without Young Men.

What would a country be without young men? Northern Spain, near the Basque Provinces is such a country. The land is poor and only a bare existence can be wrested from the impoverished soil. No young caballeros sing to the accompaniment of his guitar under the windows of the long senoritas. The girls must dance the jota by themselves for the young men are not.

In this country all the young men take to the sea for a livelihood. It is only the opening they have and they make the best of it. Thousands from these provinces sail the high seas. They leave when boys and return when they are gray old men. Many hundreds have made their pile and returned to this quaint country to spend their declining years. Many are old men and have not yet saved a competency and are still at the helm of their ships.

Now and then a young man returns on a visit, then it is that restivity runs riot and the hungry-hearted girls flock to see the lion of the day, and flirt with a vim born of desperation. What a pity! All these black eyed venuses and not an Adonis within a quarter circle. Juliette by the score and not a Romeo to be had. They can only gaze out to sea where these young sailors have sailed away, like the Old Spanish Hidalgo went to gaze for the return of the mighty Armada.

And still they eagerly glance—nay stand—the columns of the papers for news of an incoming boy, and still they wrap the bewitching mantillas about their shapely heads, and try on all the arts of conquest, in which they are past masters, to catch some young hero of the main.

Production of Corn.

Other counties are offering premiums for the best corn yield on one acre of land. There is a prize offered by the State also for the best yield on one acre of land. We should have something like this for this county. The corn crop in Abbeville County today is better than it has been in years, yet the question of corn culture has not been agitated as it should in the county. There is no estimating the corn yield of corn brought about by the agitation of the "Williamson plan". Even though there were no virtue in it still the talk alone would have caused people to consider and to plant more corn, and on better ground.

The trouble with most men in the making of corn lies in the fact that they make corn a side line. They side track it for cotton. When the cotton is worked out and in good condition, then they work out the corn, but if either suffers it must be the corn.

The Newest Cotton Disease.

The latest thing in cotton disease crops out this time in Abbeville County, heretofore the new disease came from far away but now it is at home.

A worm is doing the work this time. A specimen of plant affected was brought to this office. On examination a small worm was found to have entered the root of the plant, boring its way up the stalk until the plant died.

Where the stalk came from many other stalks were also affected, dotted about over the field were seen stalks withering from the same cause.

This makes a new disease each week for cotton for the last month or so. There will be another next week.

Brothers Meet after 43 Years.

Mr. Thaddeus W. Bouchillon, of Montgomery, Miss., and Mr. Ben Bouchillon and daughter, of Jacksonville, Fla., are visiting their sister, Mrs. Susan J. Britt of Sandover. These two gentlemen left Abbeville County in 1866 and had not seen each other for 43 years.

Both were in the war, Mr. Thaddeus Bouchillon lost an arm in the battle of Fredericksburg. Mr. Thaddeus Bouchillon arrived on the same day on which Tony Bouchillon received his fatal injuries on the Savannah Valley Railroad.

Mr. T. Lorion Robertson bought of Mr. B. S. Robertson a farm near Hodges, last week.

HOES COTTON WITH A MATTOCK.

In Desperate Fight With "Gen Green" Woman Used Unusual Tool.

It is reported that some farmers have discarded the old time hoe and are now using mattocks to "mattock" cotton and corn. The hoe is too light for the purpose. One colored woman was seen cutting out the grass with this unusual tool and hanging it on poles in the field. The grass was something like five feet from tip to tip.

The fight against the grass is fiercer than it has been in many years. In many places the crop will be curtailed by being thrown out entirely. The weather has been such that it was impossible to work it, and the grass has made such headway that now the cotton can not be cleared without entirely destroying the plant.

The R. L. Dargan Co. 5 & 10c Store

Please note the following prices on Staple Articles. Compare with other people's "specials" and see that our regular prices are lower.

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Large Cake Stands 15c
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If you want a Toilet Set we guarantee to sell it to you lower than you can buy it in town.
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Pints Cups, 3 for 5c
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10-qt Flaring Pails 10c
Dish Pans 10c
Cov. Buckets 5c up
Grey Enameled Ware—
11-inch Wash Pan 10c
3 and 4 qt Pans 10c
Saucepans 10c
Prev. Kettles 10c

If it's made of Tin or Enamel you will find it cheaper here. See window display. Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses and Rubbers cheaper than you ever heard of them being.

5 and 10c Store. The R. L. Dargan Co.

New Question in Bristol.

Bristol, Va., July 19. The question of whether a church member may champion the cause of the saloons and oppose prohibition is being discussed in Bristol, following the recent local option election. The opinion among the majority of the ministers of the city is that the saloon is one of the church's worst enemies, and that a person cannot consistently be in favor of both.

As a result of the agitation a prominent member of a large church in Bristol, who was an officer and took an active part in the recent election, has resigned and left the church.

A prominent Bristol minister and pastor of one of the largest churches, declares that he is in favor of asking every church member who voted or worked for the return of the saloon to leave the church. The theory is that the church is unalterably against the open saloon, and that a man cannot be both a church member and a saloon patron.

The ministers are engaged in discussing the question, and the general opinion here among the leading church men is that those who voted or worked for the wets should be ousted if they do not repent.

It seems from the above that some Bristol brethren are about to be excommunicated. No doubt the churchmen feel bitter toward those who voted the wet ticket, but they should not let their bitterness vent itself in the excommunication of their brother church members.

Even if the members are thought to be in the wrong the part of a minister is to try to teach them the right. Show them where they are in the wrong. Nothing can be accomplished by excommunicating a member. It only widens the breach and makes an enemy of one who might have been made a friend, tried and tried.

If we were to be tried by our own standards none of us would stand a ghost of a chance. It is a very hard matter to exercise charity, yet we are commanded to do it. If any one runs contrary to our way of thinking we line him up as a heretic immediately, and proceed to burn him in the fires of criticism. We do not ask the question whether or not he is in good condition, then they work out the corn, but if either suffers it must be the corn.

The trouble with most men in the making of corn lies in the fact that they make corn a side line. They side track it for cotton. When the cotton is worked out and in good condition, then they work out the corn, but if either suffers it must be the corn.

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Judge Prince Urges Compulsory Education.

Thinks it the Only Remedy for Present Illiteracy Among White Children of South Carolina.

Special to The State. Asheville, N. C., July 18.—Judge Geo. E. Prince, who has been undergoing treatment here for the past three months, following a stroke of paralysis, is rapidly improving and yesterday said he hoped to be able to preside over the next term of court in the Sixth circuit, which will begin during the first week of September.

He has engaged apartments, and will be here with his family through the summer. Judge Prince spoke with regret of his illness preventing his taking the stump in the educational campaign now on in South Carolina as he had planned to do. He believes this move for more universal education the greatest in this direction the State has ever known and thinks it will result in great good. He has recently been converted to compulsory education, he said, though he was opposed to it until only a short while ago, and believes it must be resorted to if the negro is not to surpass the poor white child in education. He expressed himself as being unqualifiedly opposed to State aid for school and believing that every county should take care of its own educational system, though he admitted this to be an unpopular view of situation in South Carolina now.

He gave as his reasons the fact that some counties, especially those in the lower part of the State, appropriate these would have to be given a prorata amount, though it might, if the officials saw fit, be used for the education of the white children.

Judge Prince said he is tired of "loafing" and is anxious to get back to the bench and will go in September if his physicians will let him. He is under the care of Dr. Robert S. Carroll, one of the leading nerve specialists in the South, who says that when he goes back he will be in as good shape as ever. He is now able to be about and feels almost as vigorous as before his illness.

Value of honesty. Rock Hill Herald.

Few appreciate the value of good old time honesty. Absolutely upright makes for character and character makes for men, and men, and real men make the world what it is. All wise Creator planned for it. There is not enough of lay preaching just here. Rather we are prone to boast of the man who by questionable practices gets along.

But honesty is a personal asset like brains and muscle and tact. It makes a man more effective, more potent, more courageous. He can, like the westerner, look every man in the face and tell him—well, whatever he wants to tell him. His credit is good even if he, by reason of slight income, is slow pay and when his opportunity comes, his backers are many.

Life is not what a man has, but what he is. Henry Clay had the idea when he said, he had rather be right than President, and Joshua when he said they were going to serve God, no matter what the rest of Israel did. The honest man is a prince and a ruler, who will not be put to shame.

Incidents that are about us all the time induce these thoughts on personal integrity, and suggest this dissertation for the editorial page. If it suggests value of integrity of the highest order to some young man and thus sets him in safe ways, much good will have been done.

We have just gotten in our third shipment this season of Lightning and Blizzard Ice Cream Freezers. There is a reason. The R. L. Dargan Co.

Mrs. W. P. Greene III.

Mrs. W. P. Greene was taken suddenly and severely ill Sunday night of acute indigestion. She was so seriously ill that physicians and kindred were called during the night. She is improving and is now considered out of danger.

Mrs. Carrie Fleming returned to her home in Columbia after a pleasant visit to friends and relatives.

No Mirth About This.

(From the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.)

The good old county of Mecklenburg, North Carolina, may be unduly given to claiming credit for things of doubtful past occurrence. That point we leave to be decided between the L.L.D.'s of the Charleston News and Courier and the Charlotte Observer. But there can be no question of Mecklenburg's title to Praise for the progressive public spirit which has made its system of roads compare with the ordinary country highways of the South as the surface of a billiard table to that of a swamp corduroy. It is a great feather in the cap of Mecklenburg that, during the past ten days, nearly every newspaper in the United States should have published the report of the auto scouts that the best roads between Washington and Atlanta were found in the ancient shire of which Charlotte is the commercial center. This is something about which the Observer may brag without fear of contradiction. We wish it were a Virginia community that had earned such distinction through intelligent realization by its people how their best interest might be most directly served.

We defy the world on ice cream. Our soda fountain is open in full blast and our ice cream is made of pure cream and eggs. All orders, whether large or small, gotten up on short notice. Yours to please, C. A. Milford & Co.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Little Streets.

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bessie.
"I will by and by," says Bessie.
"Not now—pretty soon," says Bessie.
"In a minute," says little Beth.

Oh, dear little people, remember
That, true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of tomorrow,
Pretty soon and by-and-by
Lead, one and all,
As straight, they say,
To the King's highway.
To the city of Not at All!

—Annie H. Donnell in Young's Companion.

If I Were You.

If I were you, I'd see my path of duty
So plain and straight, without a curve or bend,
And walk upon it without a curve or bend,
From life's beginning straightway to its end.
I'd be so strong, so faithful and so true,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd live upon a pittance
And save up money for a rainy day
And never buy a pretty gown or jewel
Or take a bit of pleasure by the way.
And I'd be so cheerful, never blue,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you and friends that knew you long
Would hurt and wound, advice unasked would give,
I'd still forbear and cherish all their virtues
And ever with them strive to live in love.
I'd be so faithful, constant through and through,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you and found some gentle woman
Who gave you sweetness, trust and sympathy,
I would not turn to them for consolation,
But seek alone the barren friends of fate,
Nor try to find the sweetest mental view,
Ah, no; I would not—not if I were you.

And if a man should help you with his liking
To stronger purpose or to braver deed,
I'd do without his presence and incentive,
Lest all the gossip's tongues thereby should speed,
Although it take from life its pleasures few—
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd stay in the old inclosures
And be contented all the way along,
No matter what the stress and strain of life is,
Triumphant, trials, sorrows, loss among.
All this and more I'd do,
I would, if I were you.

But for myself, as I am just a woman,
I'll take what help and gladness I can find,
Nor make a pledge to absolute perfection,
And all my way to hard heroic bind,
Content to think, with kindly deeds as heaven,
While here I dwell I lose no hope of heaven,
So, withal, at last I may not rue
Not doing as I would if I were you.

—Annie Olcott Comella.

Child and Mother.

O mother, my love, if you'll give your hand
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!
We'll walk in the sweetest of garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little, tired out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on the silver dew stream
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll settle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide awake stars shall shine in my stead
As my mother's dream shall soothe me.
So, mother, my love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander,
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

—Eugene Field.

The Mirror.

My mirror tells me that my face is fair,
And that I do not look a day older;
My mirror says that I have golden hair,
And cheeks like the wild rose and eyes of blue.
I say, "Do indeed these charms possess me,
O trusty glass!" My mirror answers "Yes."

When lovers' tales this heart all free from care
Have hurried with the story's clapping sweep,
Unto my mirror do I straight repair
And cry: "O mirror, is this all deceit?
Say, do I merit praise and fond caress?"
Then doth my trusty mirror answer "Yes."

Deem me not vain, I pray, for well I know
That when life's skies have lost their rosy hue,
And say, "Oh, tell me, mirror, is it true
That every day my youthful charms grow less?"
Then must my trusty mirror answer "Yes."

And, oh, I trust that in that later day,
The time of silvered hair and fading sight,
When I unto my looking glass shall say,
"O mirror, with my beauty's waning light
Doth honor also fall and virtue go?"
Then may I also trust my mirror answer "No."

—Margaret F. Mauro in McClure's Magazine.

Each in His Own Name.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a aurora
And caves where the cave men dwell
Tend to sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the dead—
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich fields of the cornfields
And the wild geese sailing high
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the wet meadow—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tides on a crescent seaboard
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come swelling and surging in,
Some from the mystic ocean,
Where rim no food has trod—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A pocket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Scoriated drinking the hemlock
And Jesus on the road,
The miller with bread and namesake
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

—W. E. Carruth in Christian Register.

You can't tell of martial heroes till th' test o' death's horn
An' a claim about your statement till you're hoarse
But they ain't th' biggest heroes that into th' world come
For compared with some their work is mighty coarse.

Th' real heroes wear no tokens but th' bilsters
They're th' tollers that about in every odd
They're th' very bone an' sinew o' all times an' o' all lan's.

They're th' men who keep a bustle all th' time
—Omaha World-Herald.

God's glory lies not out of reach.
The most we reach beneath our feet.
The poet's heart the wet seaboard,
Have solemn meanings, strange and sweet.

—Owen Meredith.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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Nut Grass Pierces Concrete.

Dr. Neuffer has his walk scraped every other day in order to keep the nut grass down. Mr. William Shalton who passed that way three times a day was philosophizing over the situation and wondering if it were not better and cheaper to build a concrete walk.

Thus, philosophizing over the situation he was passing down street when he happened to glance over the beautiful concrete walk leading to the residence of Dr. L. T. Hill. He was suddenly thunder struck, for out of the concrete appeared the beautiful green of the nut grass.

His philosophizing came to an abrupt stop. Nut grass, that abominable thing which men hate, nut grass, acme of woe and sense of desperation. Nut grass, the devil on earth. Nut grass, what an innocent name for such a fiendish plant! It grows like fiendish bean stalks; it spreads like Asiatic cholera, and needs like nothing on earth.

Nut grass, men may come and men may go but you get on forever. How indestructible; how patient! Truth crushed to earth will rise again and so will you, oh, you noble nut grass, you conquer the earth in your loving leaves as if you were welcome. On! you green hypositis! How you fondle and nestle under the cabbage and beans.

What a noble heart you have for the fight! The sluggish need not go to the ant, Robert Bruce, faint of heart, need not gaze on the sturdy spider. Let them go to the nut grass for inspiration. For "stick ability" a glue factory is as sleek as glass compared with you; for energy, a ten thousand Kilowatt dynamo is a crippled zephyr; for grit, you are it, you are it! You innocent, green, ragged-toothed, sometimes you smile a little tired smile as if you would give up the fight, when the hoe cut off your head;

Sometimes you turn white in the gills, but your perseverance knows no bounds—you are a plodder, you are!

Mr. W. E. McGee.

Mr. W. E. McGee Travelling Passenger Agent of the Southern Railroad, was in the city on business connected with his road yesterday.

Mr. McGee is a man of pleasing address, efficient and full of energy. He says that he wants Abbeville to get the best service from the road as he recognizes that Abbeville has been one of its best friends.

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Remember we are prepared to prove to you that ours is the safest and cheapest plan of insurance known.

J. R. BLAKE, Gen. Agent Abbeville, S. C